# The Spirit of Democracy.

"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN THAT WILL CARRY THOSE PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES INTO EFFECT."

BY JAMES R. MORRIS. WOODSFIELD, OHIO, FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1844. Volume I. Number 10.


## POETRY.

From the Ohio Statesman.

Mr. Editor:—If the following lines are worthy of a corner in your faithful Organ of Democracy, the authoress will be more than rewarded.

### WHEN THESE OLD SHOES WERE NEW.

*Respectfully dedicated to a friend in Mt. Vernon.*

I remember—I remember,
Those happy days of yore;
How gay I tripp'd along the lawn,
And skipp'd so lightly o'er,
The crystal streams, that cross'd my path,
Like pleasures bright and few;
Oh! lightsome were those girlish times,
When these old shoes were new.

I wore them first, one festive eve,
When love and song combined
To still the spirit's murmurings,
And fascinate the mind.
Flattery's voice was in the air—
The words I heard full well;
Those rustic lads proclaimed me there
The pretty village belle.
And I remember, when they vow'd
Those syren words were true;
Oh! happy were those girlish days,
When these old shoes were new.

But years have pass'd—and with them gone
The hopes that budded bright;
On pleasure's sparkling surface pure,
With all their witching light.
And hearts that beat so warmly *then*
Are blighted, changed, or cold;
They cannot feel as *once* they felt,
In those bright days of old.

And as I gaze upon them now,
Affection longs to clasp,
The fairy forms that meet me,
In friendship's holy grasp.
But no! no! 'tis all a vision,
That time can ne'er renew;
Friends cannot meet, as *then* they met,
When these old shoes were new.

Yet still I'll cherish these old relics,
Of dear departed joys;
I'll place them here, upon the shelf,
Beside my infant toys;
And when bereft of other ties,
I'll fondly turn and view
Mementos of my girlish days,
When *these old shoes were new.*

ANNIE.

Massilon, O.

## INTERESTING TALES.

### THE TEMPTATIONS OF RACHEL MORRISON.

The following beautiful story from the New Monthly Magazine, conveys an impressive warning to all young ladies, to beware of forming attachments with men of plausible and insinuating address, but of corrupt and infidel principles. Such attachments, if not arrested in their course, often produce a shipwreck of the affections—and if they are consummated in marriage, commonly result in disappointment and woe.

It was a clear, sunny September morning—bright and cheerful Autumn was stealing over the landscape, and Rachel Morrison looked out upon a joyous picture, as she sat within the window of her father's house. Her two younger sisters had spread a richly fringed carpet beneath a verandah that was curtained by clustering vines. The elder of them had a basket filled with the rich clusters of the purple grape, and held it up, a double temptation to little Miriam and a bounding greyhound, the pet and torment of the family. Kate Morrison, the tempter, would not, however, suffer either of them to touch a grape until she had first presented the basket to Rachel; indeed, her youthful sisters loved Rachel dearly—and loved her the more, for that the rose was fading from her cheek, and her lips seldom smiled as was their custom in former times. I have often observed the love of children increased with the illness of a friend or companion—a beautiful illustration of the disinterested nature of true love.

"There is a bunch, Rachel, fit for a queen.—The doctor said you might eat grapes."

"Thank you, dear Kate. They are very fine, indeed, but you should not have tempted Miriam and Nina with them."

"Oh," replied Kate, laughing, "I love to tempt them—to tease them a little it does them good."

"No, I do not think so," said Rachel. "I am not fond of quoting the Holy Scriptures on trivial occasions, but you must remember we pray not to be led into temptation, Kate; looking on the temptation with which you tempt your little sister and the pretty hound, made me think—."

—"What, sister?"

"Upon mine own."

"Yours, Rachel!—I did not tempt you with grapes."

"Grapes!" repeated Rachel Morrison, smiling, though there was sadness in that smile. "No, not with grapes, yet I have my temptation."

"What was it, sister?"

"I will tell you when you are old enough."

"Rachel, I shall be seven next month. Perhaps, sister, you were tempted to tell a story?"

"No."

"To go into the garden and gather cherries without leave?"

"No."

"To ride the kicking poney?"

"Indeed, my Kate, you need not attempt to find it out. Listen to me; it it pleases God that I live till you have completed your seventeenth year, I will relate to you my temptation. If—listen to me Katharine—if I am taken away into the world of spirits before you attain the beauty and incur the dangers of womanhood, I will leave a written testimony that may warn you how to avoid the sorrows which have planted and watered the willows that are already growing over my early grave."

Kate did not understand what her sister meant, but she saw that her eye was filled with tears, and so she crept silently to her side, and looked up silently into her face and felt her heart sad within her.

A little time, and the sharp winds of an unusual cold spring sent (the physician said) poor Rachel Morrison to her grave. There was one who knew otherwise,—who knew the iron had entered into her soul, and festered its core, and that her body was too delicate to withstand the struggles of her mind. Her mother closed her eyes, and sorrowed over her bier—but not as one having no hope, for her last blessed words were "I know that my Redeemer liveth." There was much mourning in the bereaved dwelling. Kate was able to feel and tell how truly she missed,

"The glancing of her sister's eye,
The waving of her hair,
The footsteps lightly gliding by,
The hand so small and fair."

But little Miriam soon forgot all her troubles in the excitement of black frocks and a crape bonnet.

Years pass, as well as months; and when we review them we think they pass as quickly. The retrospect of both is nearly the same; but the prospect how different! Katharine Morrison had completed her seventeenth year, and was already arrived at the dangerous distinction of being a belle and a beauty. She had almost ceased to remember that her sister, whose once beautiful form was now part and parcel of the earth wherein it lay, had left a written testimony of her trials; that she had laid open her heart's feelings, hopes and disappointments, for her advantage; that to prevent her sister's tears she had re-shed her own—for she had torn afresh, wounds which time had comparatively healed, and had again counted the drops distilled from her lacerated heart.

"My blessed child!" said her mother, "have you forgotten poor Rachel's legacy?—how she bequeathed the knowledge of her temptation, that your fate might not be as her's." She laid a few leaves of paper upon her table, fairly and plainly written; and Kate retrimmed her lamp, and flung the garland from her brow, that she might be able to read the story of her sister.

"A *woman's*, Kate! a young unmarried woman's trials, are generally of the affections—trials of judgment;—trials of power come afterwards; but a young girl's trials are of the heart.

"I hope you will not understand what it is to love; unless, indeed; you love what is lovely, not only for time, but for eternity. The impression made on a young heart may be considered light; and yet, Katharine, it is long—oh! how long before it wears out. I found it so. You know the pains my dear mother ever took to impress upon us our religious duties; to teach us Christ all-in-all sufficient, and to manifest our faith by our works. I fear that I trusted too much in my own strength—that I thought too much of my own acquirements. The pains bestowed on my education made me superior to my companions, but not, alas! superior to myself. The remembrance of your sister—of the once living reality of her who pens these lines—will, before you read them, have faded to an outlined vision. You will remember a thin, pale girl who loved flowers and music, and for whom you gathered the fine grapes, and the thought of her will bring back her last kiss, her white brow, her death hand, the never to be forgotten touch of death! the tears, a mother's precious tears! then the funeral! Ay, my beloved sister, all will be as a vision; but we may learn wisdom from such.

"I *did* think highly of my acquirements, and practised them more for the sake of display than for a desire to give pleasure. They attracted the attention of one who was possessed of much talent, and some—indeed many amiable qualities, but was deficient in the great requisite for domestic, much less christian happiness. For a time, we were as two gay butterflies, sporting in the sunshine; I learnt to see with his eyes, to hear with his ears, to live but in his presence; and yet I hardly knew it—was not that strange? One of the mysteries of love, perpetually denying his influence with my lips, lying to my own heart, practising self deception, but however I might have succeeded in deceiving myself, I did not, could not deceive him. He knew his power, and while he loved me, (ah, Kate, take my experience with you in the world, and remember that while men *talk*, of love, women *feel* it,) he believed, well, yet endeavoring to laugh at my "amiable weakness," "early prejudices," and "want of worldly knowledge." Such he termed, in honied words, woman's best and surest safeguard, her refuge, her hope, her shield and her buckler. At first I was alarmed, but he never wounded by feelings. Day by day, secure of my affection, he became more free in his expressions, though he gave me no reason to suppose he was guilty of infidelity. I wanted the courage, and, in truth, the christian knowledge, to combat his assertions, and for a long time, I sheltered myself under the hope, almost the belief, that he did but jest. And awful as it was, still it was a comfort, a coward's comfort, truly, that had no truth in its foundation. My dear mother, too, trembled while she prayed for my happiness; but my father thought of the splendor of the alliance I was to make, and rejoiced in it.

"The time appointed for our union, and the care, attention and tenderness of my affianced husband, made me almost forget what then I had hardly time to think upon amid the congratulations, and preparations and festivals that were to celebrate our marriage. Every one, too, assured me how certain I was of happiness, and I endeavored to—yes, I did believe it. I gave myself up to the intoxication of unsanctified hope, and I have fought against my doubts and christian terrors; it was to be the last Sunday before our marriage, and we were to take the sacrament together. He had agreed with so much seeming pleasure that we should do so, that I hailed it as a happy omen: and on that memorable Sabbath morning I entered a bower whose roses and jessamine had been twined by his hand, which made them doubly dear to me. It was a bright and balmy day,—the sprays were bending beneath the dew-drops, and the air was heavy with perfume; every thing was hushed and silent, even the song of the bird tempered in its sweetness; and I prayed—oh, how fervently I prayed, that I might—that *we* might together find "the way, the truth, and the life."

"I had escaped from the tumult and the company, to commune with mine own heart, He to whom all hearts are open, knows that I prayed more for him than for myself. Suddenly the church bell sounded in my ear and I arose to attend its blessed summons. I was pushing back the silver stars of a clustering jessamine, that curtained the arbor's entrance, when I saw the object of my prayer, coming towards me. Perhaps I would not have drawn back had he been alone; but his intimate friend was with him and I shrank beneath the shade. As they approached, they laughed and talked together, and so loudly that I heard what one of them would have given worlds I never had heard.

"'The sacrament will take up so much time that I cannot meet you as I intended.' This sentence attracted my attention; though when, indeed did he speak that I was not attentive? Oh, how I shuddered at what followed!

"'Then why do you go? Why submit to what you despise? I would not do it for any woman on earth.'

"'I would do more than that for Rachel, but when once away from this, she will get rid of all her early prejudices, and become one of the world: her mind is comprehensive, and her love for me will teach her the superiority of natural over formal religion.'

"'To have a preaching wife, to be obliged to go to church, to sing psalms on Sunday, and take the sacrament once a month—a pretty prospect of domestic felicity!'

"'Pshaw! you do not suppose my present life a type of that which is to come? No, no; I do not intend to be canonized under the denomination of St. Alfred; it pleases her; but believe me, she is not half as bad as she was. I remember when she would not read a newspaper on Sunday!'

"'Is it possible!'

"'Fact, upon my honor. Now she is getting better; I must tolerate the mummery till we are married, and then—'

—"Kate, Kate, I heard no more. A torrent of bitterness overwhelmed me. The blessed sacrament to be termed *mummery*—the man for whom I prayed to exult that my religion was declining—to plan its destruction! I do not ask you to pity me *now*, because my transgressions have been pardoned, my race run, my sorrows ceased their troubling, my spirit has found its rest! But *then*, or rather when I was restored to perfect consciousness, you would have pitied me.

"For weeks I could not leave my bed; the delirium of brain fever for a time spared me worse agonies, but the *temptation* was with me still. I knew that Alfred's attentions had been unremitting, that he had watched over me; they *said* he had prayed for me. To whom was he to pray? His people were not my people, his God not my God. And yet I love him, Kate, I pray for him still—at morn, at midnight, by the way, and in secret; his name is on my lips, in my heart! My mother, though she knew by bitter experience that two can never be as one, except in the Lord, she almost wished me to perform my contract; she feared that though the spirit was willing the flesh was weak; she talked of the believing wife sanctifying the unbelieving husband. It might be so, and if I had married, believing that he believed, I would have borne my cross; but the film had been removed from mine eyes; he was an acknowledged infidel, regarding the holy ordinances of religion as mummeries. Could I look up to such a one as my guide through life? My father spurned me from him, talked of the lands which I had lost, the station I had cast away! My bride's-maid mourned that her splendid dresses could nat be worn; you, Kate, a little fairy of five years old, wept bitterly the loss of cake. But oh, when he, the loved one, promised to be all that I desired; said that I could save him from the destruction into which he would surely plunge, if I did not share his name—then came my worst temptation; then I felt how bitter it was to remember that he who had deceived me once might repeat the deception.

"They tell us we ought to forget the faults of those we love; I found remembering their perfections the most dangerous of the two Enough! we parted. He said, 'If his life, if his opinions became really religious, would I marry him?' I said, 'Yes.' He went forth again into the world, and he forgot me; I remained in my own home; I forgot not him.

"His career has been thoughtless, brilliant and extravagant; he has grown of the world, worldly, while I have found rest, and peace and hope—and ere long, ere you have read these papers, shall have been made immortal. Oh, then, beloved Katharine, let your prayer be, "Let me not be led into temptation," for once led therein by the vanities, the pleasures or the riches of life, our escape is doubtful, and our trial great."

Bitterly did Katharine weep over the records of a life which was terminated before twenty summers had stamped the perfection of beauty on her brow; but I am happy to say that Kate was saved much misery by the wisdom she gleaned from the temptations of Rachel Morrison.

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Iron Trade.—The Pittsburg Sun, of the 9th inst. says, the iron smelters from up the Alleghany, have stored the most of their pig iron, refusing to sell for less than $30, and have returned home. The iron merchants here express their inability to pay this, at the present prices of iron and nails, and the smelters have determined to run the risk of the market, hereafter. If they are forced to sell for less, they will sell, but not till it is unavoidable.

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A machine has been invented in France, to make shoes, by which fifty pair can be made in one day.

### LOUISA SIMONS,
### OR THE ADVANTAGES OF APPLICATION.

BY MRS. C. GILMAN.

Louisa Simons was a bright intelligent girl of fourteen; amiable and ambitious; the joy of her parents, and the pride of her teachers; and far advanced in all her studies except arithmetic.

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed frequently, "this is the day for the black-board; a *black* day to me! I hate arithmetic! I wish the multiplication table had never been invented! There is not such an expressive verse in the world as the old one!

"'Multiplication is vexation;
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Practice makes me mad!'"

Mrs. Simons sometimes reproved her for her vehemence; sometimes soothed, and sometimes encouraged her; but finding her more and more excited, she addressed her one day, gravely and and anxiously.

"My daughter, you make me unhappy by those expressions. I am aware that many minds are so constituted as to learn numbers slowly; but that close attention and perseverance can conquer even natural defects has been often proved. If you pass over a rule carelessly, and *say* you comprehend it, from want of energy to grasp it, you will never learn, and your *black* days, when you become a woman, and have responsibilities, will increase. I speak feelingly on the subject, for I had the same natural aversion to arithmetic as yourself. Unfortunately for me, a schoolmate quick at figures shared my desk; we had no black-boards then, and she was kind, or unkind, enough to work out my sums for me. The consequence is, that I have suffered repeatedly in my purse, and in my feelings from my ignorance. Even now I am obliged to apply to your father in the most trifling calculations, and you must sometimes have noticed my mortification under such circumstances.

"I look to you for assistance," continued she affectionately to Louisa. "You have every advantage; your mind is active, and in other respects disciplined, and I am sure your good heart will prompt you in aiding me."

Louisa's eyes looked a good resolution—she kissed her mother, and commenced her lessons with the right feelings. Instead of being angry with her teacher and herself, because every thing was not plain, she tried to clear her brow, and attend to the subject calmly.

Success crowned her efforts, while, added to the pleasures of acquisition, she began to experience the higher joy of self-conquest, and her mother's approbation. She gave herself up for two years to diligent study, and conquered at length the higher branches of arithmetic.

Louisa, the eldest of three children, had been born to the luxuries of wealth, and scarcely an ungratified want had shaded her sunny brow. Mr. Simons was a merchant of considerable connexions, but, in the height of his prosperity, one of those failures took place which occur in commerce, and his affairs became suddenly involved in the shock which is often felt so far in the mercantile chain. A nervous temperament and delicate system, were soon sadly wrought upon by the misfortune, and his mind, perplexed and harrassed, seemed to lose its clearness in calculation, and its happy view of life. Louisa was at this period seventeen years of age; her understanding clear and vigorous, her passions disciplined, add her faculties resting, like a young fawn, ready for a sudden bound.

It was a cold autumn evening; the children were beguiling themselves with wild gambols about the parlor; Mr. Simons sat leaning his head upon his hand, gazing on an accumulated pile of ledgers and papers; Mrs. Simons was busily sewing, and Louisa, with her finger between the leaves of a closed book, sat anxiously regarding her father.

"These children distract me," said Mr. Simons, peevishly.

"Hush, Robert! Come here, Margaret!" said Mrs. Simons, gently; and taking one on her lap, and another by her side, whispered a little story and put them to bed.

When Mrs. Simons left the room, Louisa laid aside her book, and stood by her father.

"Don't disturb me, child," said he roughly. Then recollecting himself, he waved his hand gently for her to retire, and continued, "do not feel hurt, dear, with my abruptness. I am perplexed with these complicated accounts."

"Father," said Louisa, hesitatingly, and blushing, "I think I could assist you if you would permit me."

"No, my love," exclaimed he, laughing, "these papers would puzzle a deeper head than yours."

"I do not wish to boast, dear father," said Louisa, modestly; "but when Mr. Randon gave me my last lesson, he said—."

—"What did he say?" asked Mr. Simons, encouragingly.

"He said," answered Louisa, blushing more deeply, "that I was a better accountant than most merchants. And I do believe, father," continued she, "that if you would allow me, I could assist you."

Mr. Simons smiled sadly; but to encourage her desire of usefulness opened his accounts. Insensibly he found his daughter following him in the labyrinth of numbers.

Louisa, with a fixed look and a clear eye, her cheek kindling with interest and her pencil in her hand, listened to him. Mrs. Simons entered on tiptoe and seated herself softly at her sewing. The accounts became more and more complicated. Mr. Simons, with his practised habits, and Louisa, with her quick intellect and ready will, followed them up with fidelity. The unexpected sympathy of his daughter, gave him new life. Time flew undeeded, and the clock struck twelve.

"Wife," said he, suddenly, "matters are not as desperate as I feared; if this girl gives me a few more hours like these, I shall be in a new world."

"My beloved child!" said Mrs. Simons, pressing Louisa's fresh cheeks to hers.

Louisa retired, recommended herself to God, and slept profoundly. The next morning, after again seeking his blessing, she repaired to her father; and again, day after day, with untiring patience went through the details of his books, copied the accounts in a fair hand, nor left him until his brow was smoothed, and the phantom of bankruptcy disappeared.

A day passed by, and Louisa looked contemplatively and absorbed; at length she said:

"Father, you complain that you cannot afford another clerk at present. You have tried me and find me worth something; I will keep your books until your affairs are regulated, and you may give me a little salary to furnish shells for my cabinet."

Mr. Simon's accepted her offer with a caress and a smile. Louisa's cabinet increased in value; and the beautiful female hand-writing in her father's books, was a subject of interest and curiosity to his mercantile friends.

And from whence, year after year, wealth poured in its thousand luxuries, and Louisa Simons stood dispensing plesures to the gay, and comforts to the poor did she trace her happiness? To early self-conquest.

## POLITICAL NEWS.

From the Ohio Statesman.

### HENRY CLAY—LAW AND ORDER."

Every advocate of despotism we ever heard of in this, or any other country, was always crying "law and order," when the people were struggling for their rights; but these same men never think of "*law*" or "*order*" either, when their interests demand that these same people shall be imprisoned or shot down like bullocks at the slaughter house. Look at the insolent "law and order" tyranny of England over the oppressed and struggling Irish. Look at the barbarous treatment of the "law and order" coons of Rhode Island over the advocates of *free suffrage* in that unhappy State,—trying men and incarcerating them in a loathsome prison for daring to act as judges of an election!

The Clay papers are parading the following letter of Mr. Clay, in favor of "law and order," to the tyrants of Rhode Island. Clay, who has violated the Constitution, law and Gospel, whenever it suited his temper—Clay, who has encouraged more violations of "law and order" than any man in the Union, to talk of "law and order," is insulting to every honest man in the nation. But read his letter:

"Augusta, March 31, 1844.

"My Dear Sir:—I duly received, in this city, your favor transmitting certain resolutions adopted at a meeting of the Law and Order members of the General Assembly, held in Providence in February last; and I request you to convey to them my profound acknowledgments for the friendly and flattering allusion to my name in some of the resolutions.

"I congratulate your State upon its successful vindication of social order and the authority of the law.

"The principles avowed and attempted to be enforced, by subverting the existing government in Rhode Island, struck at the foundations of all safety and security in civilized society. They were revolutionary, without being characterized by a manly spirit of open and fearless resistance. In rebuking and repudiating them, Rhode Island has rendered an important service to the cause of order, stability, and free institutions; and having achieved a decisive triumph over disorder and anarchy, I have no doubt that she will not tarnish the lustre of it by any act of useless and uncalled for severity.

"I am, with great respect, your friend and obedient servant,

"H. CLAY.

"Hon; John Brown Francis."

So much for Mr. Clay's "law and order" letter to the anti-suffrage tyrants of Rhode Island But who is this Mr. Clay that thus insults the public by his hypocritical cry of "law and order?" The very same that was PUT under BONDS TO KEEP THE PEACE, but a short time before he left the Senate, in consequence of threats to take the life of Mr. King, of Alabama, a brother Senator, *for words spoken in debate!* Is there a man of a just pride of feeling in the Union, that can look upon such a scene, and not shudder for the bold hypocrisy of the times?—

"CLAY'S BOND TO KEEP THE PEACE.

"The New England Democrat of yesterday contains a legally attested copy of the *bond to keep the peace*, which was imposed upon Mr. Clay in 1841 to prevent him from murdering or trying to murder a brother senator, for words spoken in debate. The Democrat avers that the bond is uncancelled, and as it is unlimited, he will come into office—if at all, UNDER BONDS TO KEEP THE PEACE. Wonder if he won't pardon himself out—eh?

'BOND.

'United States of America,
'*District of Columbia, to wit:*

'Be it remembered, that on the tenth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, before us, two of the justices of the peace for the county of Washington, of the District of Columbia, personally appeared Henry Clay and Willis Green, and severally acknowledged themselves to owe the United States of America, that is to say, the said Henry Clay five thousand dollars, and the said Willis Green five thousand dollars, each to be respectively levied of their bodies, goods, and chattels, lands and tenements, to and for the use of the said United States, if the said Henry Clay shall make default in the performance of the conditions underwritten.

'The condition of the above recognizance is such, that if the above named Henry Clay shall keep the peace of the United States towards all persons, and particularly towards William R. King, then this recognizance shall be void, otherwise of full force and virtue in law.

'Acknowledged before us,
'B. R. MORSEL, J. P.,
'W. THOMPSON J. P.

'A true copy,
'*Attest:* W. Brent, *Clerk.*'"

What would be said by these hypocritical pretenders of "law and order," did they find Mr. Van Buren standing in such a predicament! We appeal to the good sense of every upright man in the land for an answer.

### REMARKS OF MR. ARCHBOLD.

In the House of Representatives, Dec. 18, 1843, on the resolution of Mr. Filson of Columbiana in relation to refunding the fine imposed on Gen Jackson for his defence of New Orleans.

Mr. Archbold said, he hoped the motion for indefinite postponement would not prevail. He had hoped that the resolution would have been suffered to pass speedily, so that the House might give early and prompt attention to those important duties peculiarly devolving upon them as the Representatives of their own beloved State. Duties of the utmost importance devolved upon them pertaining to the welfare of this mighty young Hercules of the West, and he hoped the House would speedily pass this resolution, and then go heartily and diligently to the performance of those duties. He was sick to loathing of the agitation of this subject, and hoped it would be speedily put to rest. The enemies of republican institutions in Europe were looking upon our conduct with invidious eyes, and ready to turn every circumstance to the disadvantage of our national character. The maxim, that republics were ungrateful, whether true or false, had found a place on the page of history. The revilers and slanderers of America and Americans were fond of representing us as immersed in the pursuit of sordid gain, as dead to generous impulses and incapable of appreciating extraordinary merit. They represent us as hating merit & slighting wit. They say that a company of Americans cannot converse together fifteen minutes without the word dollars being interlarded into their discourse.—What, shall this mighty continent be longer agitated by the question whether we shall return this petty amount to the war-worn veteran, now in the twilight of his existence? He confessed himself incapable of consulting his intellect, of going into cold calculations, or making formal deductions in such a case as this. With him, it was a matter of feeliug, of impulses—he merely consulted the instinct of his own bosom, which deprived him of all power of voting against the resolution.

He called upon members to consult the generous impulse of their own breasts, in giving their votes—no fear that they would be directed wrong. In such a case, the heart was a better adviser than the head, and there was no danger in listening to its dictates. It might soon be forever too late to testify our gratitude to the *living* hero, who had so freely bared his bosom to the glorious strife—who had so manfully disregarded danger and death, and whose achievements were unequalled on the pages of recorded time. His sun of life was hovering near the verge of the horizon, and we must hasten or our tardy gratitude would come too late. Shall we hesitate to smooth his passage to the tomb, whose actions had bound the temples of our country with a wreath of imperishable glory. He denied that the passage of this resolution was instructing Congress; it was simply communicating to that body the spontaneous out burst of a nation's gratitude. It was simply discovering to the representatives of the nation, the generous flame that glowd in the breasts of members here, in order that the behests of a nation's gratitude might be fulfilled.—He had said, Mr. Speaker, that this was a question to be decided, not by the head, but by the heart.—But if we can find leisure to consult the cool deductions of the intellect, do they not sanction the dictates of the affections? Are not approbation and gratitude the appropriate reward of superlative merit? Are they not the only rewards which are valued or regarded by the highest order of minds. "Ambition," said he, pointing upwards, "first fell from those bright abodes—the glorious fault of angels and of God's." What right have we to expect to see a constellation of sages, of heroes, and of patriots, starting up to defend, adorn and bless our country, if we deny the victor's garland and the civic wreath to transcendant merit? Or when shall merit, more extraordinary than in the present instance, call for the exercise of our kindly affections?

He did not intend to cast any reflections on Judge Hall. He was one of the last men on the continent who would be willing to cast any unjust aspersions on the Judiciary. He was too well aware of the worth of that branch of our government. It might even be admitted that both the General and the Judge had done technically right. If pressed on the subject, his answer would be, that we were overwhelmed by our gratitude, and that gratitude was undiscerning. Guided by the impulses of his bosom, he did not doubt that this principle had more of real value in it, than could be derived from the rigid maxims of the cold politician. He ardently hoped the resolution would pass.

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### HOW TO MAKE A HOME HAPPY.

It is not the imposing majesty of a sumptuous mansion, nor the hollow glare of gaudy furniture, nor the obsequious attentions of servants, nor even of children that makes a home of home and keeps alive the sacred blessedness of a married life No, but it is the steady exercise of those holy charites, that soothe the sorrows and smoothe the asperities of our nature. Those little evidence of sincere esteem, those spontaneous expessions of affection and tenderness, those unpremiditated smiles and tears at each other's joy or sorrow, that affectionate officiousness which volunteers more readily as service becomes more difficult—these are the things that give to home its purest and most powerful attractions; where these abound, the mind reposes in all the confidence of conscious safety, and in the satisfaction of ample enjoyment. Mutual respect and attention between man and wife are essential to render them respectable in the eyes of their domestics and children; and also to maintain that healthy flow of soul, that cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit so necessary in bearing the ills and performing the duties of life. As kindness and respectful treatment are due to all persons, so they are especially due to ourselves as wife and husband; for we cannot love those whom we do not respect nor can they love us in return. Let it then be a principle of established authority, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, that change not, to give each that affectionate attention which is mutually due between equals. Let every thing be studiously avoided that goes to lessen either party in their own estimation or in that of other persons; and let it never be forgotten that even a smile or frown may gild with brightness, or overcast with clouds, that most sacred spot on earth which you call Home.